

THE QUAKER

Saturday, November 18, 1865.



(Drawn, by permission, from a Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.)

CANON STOWELL.

BY the death of Canon Stowell, the Church of England has lost one of her most eminent champions, and the Church of Christ one of her most devoted ministers. During a long and dis-

tinguished career, Canon Stowell was an unflinching advocate of evangelical principles. He was possessed of an eloquence of a high order. What he said always reached the hearts of his

hearers, for he ever spoke from the inmost depths of his own. On the platform of Exeter Hall, during the May Meetings, he ever received a warm welcome; and at those assemblies he will be missed more, probably, than anywhere else, if we except the church of which for years he was the earnest and devoted pastor.

Canon Stowell's very appearance always bespoke a hearing. He looked what he was—a thoroughly good and earnest man. The catholicity of his heart was manifested in a generous, open countenance. The fine physical development of his frame was the *sanum corpus* of a *sana mens*. He relied little, if at all, for effect on any rhetorical tricks, his style being homely, earnest, and intensely manly. In society he was one of the most pleasant and genial companions that we ever met. He always had some good remark or pleasing anecdote ready, and few could tell a story better. He will be missed from many a social gathering, as well as from the pulpit and the platform.

Mr. Stowell—or, as he was so familiarly and generally called, “Hugh Stowell”—was born in December, 1799, at the parsonage of Douglas, in the Isle of Man. His father, best known as the biographer of Bishop Wilson, had been for some years rector of a parish named Ballaugh, in that island. In 1818 Hugh Stowell entered as a commoner at St. Edmund Hall, Oxford, and graduated at Michaelmas Term, 1822, being ordained the following year by the Hon. and Right Rev. Dr. Ryder, then Bishop of Gloucester. Mr. Stowell was ordained for the assistant curacy of an outlying chapelry of Sheepscombe Painswick, near Stroud, in the county of Gloucester.

Mr. Stowell was not long allowed to enjoy this quiet rural scene of ministerial labour, for in about three months afterwards he was removed to the curacy of Trinity Church, Huddersfield. This was a great contrast to his first cure, the population being chiefly of the manufacturing classes. In this sphere Mr. Stowell laboured for some two years, when he was promoted to the sole charge of St. Stephen's Church, Salford. Here Mr. Stowell had more scope than had been presented by either of his previous appointments for the development and practice of those pulpit abilities which won for him his subsequent popularity. He soon became one of the most popular preachers in the neighbourhood, and at the same time he was no less esteemed as an earnest, devout, and laborious pastor. His eloquent pulpit ministrations were but the supplement to a week of earnest and persevering pastoral labour. His fame rapidly spread beyond the limited circle of his congregation and town; and several more valuable appointments were pressed upon his acceptance. So anxious, however, were his congregation and the inhabitants

of the neighbourhood to retain the ministrations of their beloved and now distinguished pastor, that a large sum of money was subscribed for the purpose of erecting a new church for him in Salford. Christ Church, Acton Square, was built, and he became the first incumbent. This church was consecrated in 1831, the erection of it and the adjoining schools having cost upwards of £15,000. In this church, as subsequently enlarged, there were 1,900 sittings, of which 750 were wholly free. The district attached to Christ Church was subsequently erected into a parish and rectory under an Act for Re-arranging the Spiritualities of Manchester; and the rectory was held by Mr. Stowell during the remainder of his life. In 1845 the late Primate Sumner, then Bishop of Chester, nominated Mr. Stowell to a canonry in Chester Cathedral; and in 1851 the Right Rev. Dr. Lee, Bishop of Manchester, appointed him one of his lordship's chaplains; to which was subsequently added the office of Rural Dean of Salford District.

Some years ago, Canon Stowell took a prominent part in what was then the most exciting topic of the day, and was known as “the Papal Question.” Canon Stowell's talents were well suited for controversial debate, although any kind of personal conflict seemed in itself foreign to his genial and kindly nature. In controversy he was, however, a bold and unflinching champion of the truth. He never allowed his personal desire for peace and quietness to make him shrink from defending earnestly and unflinchingly the cause of the Protestant Church. Yet, in debating a question, he gave vent to no party or sectarian bigotry. He combated the views of those who differed from him, but never condescended to personal abuse or ribaldry. He could always distinguish between a man's opinions and the man himself; and was ever careful in his earnest condemnation of the former not to hurt the feelings of the latter.

A sermon preached by Canon Stowell on the occasion of the Manchester Art Exhibition being held in that town, is, perhaps, one of the best specimens of his pulpit oratory. The sermons which he delivered during the meeting of the British Association in Manchester, are masterly and logical expositions of the relationship of science and religion. These discourses alone would entitle Canon Stowell to a high rank amongst the theological scholars of our present generation. In the more practical departments of parochial work, Canon Stowell was as earnest and successful as in the more popular ministrations of the sanctuary. He was an enthusiastic supporter of education. The collections at the annual sermon for his schools generally exceeded £300. At the time of his lamented decease, the number of children attending his parochial schools was 600, exclusive of 1,500 Sunday-school scholars. Thus this devoted pastor sought

early to implant the seed in the youthful heart, which in after years he tended and watered carefully, and earnestly prayed for His blessing who alone "could give the increase." On the morning of last Trinity Sunday, June 11, Canon Stowell preached his last sermon. Some time previous to this there had been signs of a break up in his powerful and vigorous constitution, and about this time his medical attendants recommended Canon Stowell to cease for a time from active duty, in consequence of enlargement of the heart having manifested itself. The three weeks of probation having terminated early last September, Canon Stowell announced his intention of resuming his pulpit duties on the first Sunday in that month. So little real improvement, however, was discernible in him, that he was persuaded to take a little longer repose. He therefore proceeded to Grasmere, but a severe attack of diphtheria soon compelled him to return home. Other dangerous symptoms soon showed themselves, and when congestion of the lungs was added to his other diseases, there was but little hope entertained of his ultimate recovery. He died at one o'clock, on Sunday, the

8th instant, in the sixty-sixth year of his age. He now rests from his labours in the presence of that Redeemer in whom he trusted, and whose cause he so faithfully served while here below; but his works remain. It will be long before the influence of his character and teaching shall cease to be felt, not only at Salford, but far through the country. Can it, indeed, ever cease? Like the pebble cast into the water which sends out circle after circle radiating from the one centre, does not the influence of a good man's teaching spread and repeat itself for ever, only to be lost when the waves of time mingle themselves with the sands of eternity? As we contemplate the last hours of such a life, how involuntarily rises to our lips the prayer: "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." The name of Hugh Stowell will long survive, fragrant with sweet and pleasant memories, and may these few lines to his hallowed memory, and the portrayal of his beloved and well-known features, which we are enabled here to give, serve in some little measure to keep alive his memory, and to be a memorial to those who loved him.

THE LAKE OF COMO.

BY MRS. NEWMAN HALL.

ALL along the shores of this most beautiful of all the Italian lakes are a succession of villages, villas, and churches. At one of these villages we take up our abode for a week. The hotel is built quite near the water, and as we sit in the garden we watch the tall white sails of the boats steal over the blue lake, and we hear the pleasant sound of oars as they glide under the garden wall. The eye never wearies of tracing the varied beauty of the mountains that encompass the lake—their velvet slopes, their dark intersecting glens, their cypress-tufted eminences, their crags and precipices, under whose shelter the vine hangs in bright green festoons, and the olive wood basks its gnarled and knotted stems. White-walled little towns, arched and arcaded, gleam on many a height, amid orchards, and vineyards, and chestnut woods. Yonder the white foam of a waterfall shines among the verdure, and there a single arch spans the ravine, and unites one cluster of houses with another. We breakfast under the trees of the garden where the large rose-coloured blossoms of the oleander are flouring.

Sometimes we linger most of the day in the beautiful woods of Bellaggio, just opposite Cadenabbia. The promontory of Bellaggio stretches out so far that it hides that branch of the lake called Lago di Lecco. As you climb the hill, a sudden

turn in the path shows you this beautiful lake, which, like another Como, and complete in itself, enclosed by mountains of loveliest form, lies blue and shining beneath you. Turning your head to the right, there rests the more familiar water of Lago di Como, glowing within its deep setting of mountains.

Making the circuit of the wooded eminence of Bellaggio, we lose sight of Lago di Lecco, and descending on the town of Bellaggio, gain new and beautiful views. Re-crossing the lake, we walk to the Church of San Martino. We turn up the narrow paved road leading to the hills, and follow its windings among the vineyards, obtaining new and lovely views of the lake as we ascend. We go through pleasant villages, where many of the houses stand amid walled and terraced gardens, and all are substantial and clean.

Crossing the dry bed of a torrent, we gain the pasture lands, and walk over recently-mown slopes overlooking the rich culture through which we have come. The blue lake is just below us, while fresh glens and crags, and mountain peaks, meet our view. The glow of evening irradiates the whole scene, and the wild, musical song of the peasant returning from work sounds clear and beautiful in the still air. The water beneath us is so clear and quiet that the boat, which is stealing along so gently, leaves an indentation far behind on its sur-

face. The path carries us over another ravine, which is luxuriantly clothed with verdure, and soon conducts us to the smooth grassy knoll on which stands the Church of St. Martino. Above and below it are precipices, and except by this path it appears quite inaccessible. Silver birches and other small trees grow on the velvet grass surrounding the church, in whose large open portico we sit. We can see over the promontory of Bellagio, and have a beautiful view of Lake Lecco beyond. The scene of the two lakes, the wooded shores, the mountain ranges, the deep glens and forests, is indescribably lovely. Now and then a mellow chime resounded through the air from one of those white *campaniles*; and from time to time we heard the wild sweet notes of a song in that strange, beautiful, shouting cadence which so characterises the singing here. We were silent! for our words sounded so commonplace and powerless when we attempted to express our thoughts.

At length N—— and S—— seized their sketch-books—it was a quiet outlet for their admiration; and fetching some water from the spring close by, S—— tried to catch the glowing colour with his paint-brush. The twilight came down before he had finished the bold attempt, and in despair he closed his book; but the beauty had inspired him, and when we got back to dear, dingy old London, the sketch turned out to be the best in his collection.

We were soon again among the vineyards, and between the tall houses of granite. Work was over, and the people sat outside their doors, some smoking, some eating maccaroni, some spinning from a picturesque and ancient distaff; others chatting in groups, all clean and neat, though in their working clothes. We asked if they would sing to us, and after a little hesitation, but with the manners of gentlemen, they arranged themselves in a circle, and struck up as fine a chorus as can be heard in our best choral concerts. Their voices were very fine, and the tenor and bass were extraordinary for richness and power. Hearing the familiar strains, other peasants joined the circle, and chimed in with exquisite precision and taste. I especially remember one little lad, who, running from his play, at once fell into his part with his soprano voice, which was heard clear and sweet amid the deeper voices of the men. As soon as one song was finished and they heard our thanks, they sang another, and another. All these were performed with such a ringing harmony, such beautiful modulation, such a richness of tone, as we have rarely heard, and certainly never in a mountain village. We felt, indeed, that this *was* the land of song, when its peasantry possessed such voices, and could strike up choruses at once so masterly and so beautiful. It was a strange scene. The darkness had come on rapidly, and the stars were already

twinkling in the slip of sky that showed between the tall and large-roofed houses. The air was serenity itself. Half the population had by this time turned out to help the chorus and see the strangers. Notwithstanding the remote village life into which we were introduced, there was such a pervading air of refinement among these labouring men, such a quiet, courteous bearing, such absence of rags, and dirt, and beer-drinking, with such an appreciation of music, that we were deeply struck by the combination of simple manners and high intelligence.

When we asked for a song about Garibaldi, a general smile and murmur of pleasure were the prelude to a chorus of such martial character and of such spirit-stirring melody, that when the name of Garibaldi! Garibaldi! was shouted out in each verse, it would have raised the whole district to fight had there been occasion. The gratification which I am sure these peasants derived in singing to us, and the genial way in which they consented to do so, added to their well-bred manner, made it difficult to offer them any pecuniary acknowledgment of their kindness. However, we quietly gave a few francs to an old man who stood near, who undertook to distribute them when we had gone.

As we groped on our way, we heard the sound of many footsteps behind us, and imagined it was a few village lads following us, out of curiosity; but what was our surprise when a splendid chorus rang out again on the still air, and we found the singers had resolved to accompany us as a rear-guard! About ten yards behind us marched these kind and courteous men, singing all the while such spirit-stirring strains that we walked double our usual pace.

Our musical guard left us when our road became easy; and they took the opportunity of retreating at a turn in the path, that they might avoid any thanks. As we walked along the beach to Cadnenabbia, we felt sad to think we were so soon to leave these genial people; but how we rejoiced to remember that men capable of so refined and gentle behaviour—men so alive to the beauties of song, and of so manly a bearing—were free! No longer bearing the yoke of an uncongenial German, these Italians rejoice under an Italian government. And he, the mainspring of all this happiness—he, the great general who rallied these men round him, and drove away their oppressor—has handed this beautiful land over to the king and his parliament, and lives as simply as these peasants whom he set free. Such bravery, such simplicity of purpose, and such patriotism will shine out in future history with a radiance almost unequalled in her pages. We felt a glow of proud delight in remembering how England welcomed the great soldier with her spontaneous shout of joy.

DO WHAT YOU CAN.

BY THE REV. J. C. RYLE.

"She hath done what she could."—Mark xiv. 8.



HE text which heads this paper deserves attentive consideration. It contains words which were spoken by the Lord Jesus Christ in praise of a woman. Her name we are not told: this single action is all that we know about her. But she was praised by Christ. Blessed indeed are those whom the Lord commendeth!

The circumstances of the history are few and simple. Our Lord was sitting in the house of Simon the leper, at Bethany, "two days" before his crucifixion. The end of his work was drawing near; and he knew it. The cross and the grave were in sight; and he saw them. "As he sat at meat, there came a woman having an alabaster box of ointment of spikenard very precious; and she brake the box, and poured it on his head. And there were some that had indignation within themselves." They found fault with the woman's action. They said it was "waste." They murmured against her. But here at once the Great Head of the Church interposed. He declared that the woman had done a good work. She had seized the last occasion she had of doing honour to her Master. She had used the only means she had of testifying her affection. And then he placed on her conduct the seal of his approbation in these solemn words—"She hath done what she could. . . . Wheresoever this Gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, this also that she hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her." Such was the occasion when these words were spoken. Now what are the lessons which they are meant to teach us? There are two which appear to me to stand out prominently on the face of the sentence, two mighty principles which ought never to be forgotten. Let me try to show what they are.

I. We learn, for one thing, that the Lord Jesus likes his people to be *doing Christians*. He commends the action of the woman before him. Others sat by in idle admiration, but never lifted a finger to do honour to their Messiah. It was very different with this woman. She "did" something. She did "what she could." Hence the praises bestowed on her. The Great Head of the Church likes "*doing Christians*.

What do I mean by "*doing* Christians"? I mean Christians who show their Christianity in their lives—by deeds, by actions, by practice, by performance. True religion is not made up of general notions and abstract opinions—of certain views, and doctrines, and feelings, and sentiments. Useful as

these things are, they are not everything. You must not rest content with them. You must see that they produce a certain line of conduct in daily life. It matters little what a man thinks, and feels, and wishes in religion, if he never gets further than thinking, and feeling, and wishing. The great question is, What fruit does the man bring forth? What does he do? How does he live?

"*Doing*" is the only satisfactory proof that a man is a living member of the Lord Jesus Christ, and that his faith is the faith of God's elect. True faith is not like the faith of devils, who believe and tremble, but neither love nor obey. True faith will never be found alone, though it alone justifies. When there is faith, there will always be love, and obedience, and an earnest desire to do God's will. Living members of Christ will always show something of their Master's mind. Weak as they may be, they love to follow His example whose whole life was action. It may be little that they are able to do, but that little they will try to do. We may be very sure there is no grace where there is no "*doing*."

"*Doing*" is the only satisfactory proof that your Christianity is a real work of the Spirit. Talking and profession are cheap and easy things. They cost nothing. They are soon picked up, soon learned, soon forgotten, and soon laid aside. But "*doing*" requires trouble and self-denial. It looks like "business," and makes the world believe that religion is a reality. I care little to hear that a man likes sermons, and always goes to hear, and thinks sermons very good and very fine. I have lived long enough not to be satisfied with this. It is only blossoms; it is not fruit. I want to know what the man *DOES*? What does he do in private? What does he do in his family? What does he do on week-days? Is his religion anything better than a Sunday coat—a thing put on every Sunday morning, and put off every Sunday night? If there is no "*DOING*" in a man's religion, it is not of the right sort. It has not got the true stamp on it. Like bad silver and gold, or plated articles, it has not got the goldsmith's mark on it. It is worth little now; it will bring no peace on a death-bed; it will not pass the gate of heaven.

"*Doing*" is the only evidence that will avail a man in the day of judgment. Let any one note the conclusion of the 25th chapter of St. Matthew, and he will see what I mean. Your works will be the witnesses by which your faith will be tried. The question will not be, "What church did you attend? and what profession did you make? and what experience have you had? and what did you wish to be?" The only question will be, What *FRUITS* did

your faith produce? "Faith," says James, "if it hath not works, is dead, being alone" (James ii. 17).

Your works cannot justify you, my dear reader. They cannot save. They cannot put away our sin. Christ's work alone can do that. But there never was a justified man who did not do works—at any rate, some. Your works do not go before you into heaven, nor yet alongside of you. The souls that get there see none of their works. They only see Jesus Christ's precious blood and all-prevailing intercession. But your works are to "follow" you, if you are to go to heaven, in order to speak to your character. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them" (Rev. xiv. 13). Never was there a greater mistake than to suppose that works are of no consequence because they cannot justify and cannot save. The supposition shows gross ignorance, and is a sad perversion of Scripture.

Are true Christians *God's workmanship*—are they new creatures? Yes! The Spirit made them what they are. But mark what St. Paul tells the Ephesians (ii. 10): "We are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them."

Are true Christians a *peculiar people*? Yes! God has chosen them out of the world, and called them to be his. But wherefore? St. Paul tells Titus "that they may be zealous of good works—careful to maintain good works" (Titus ii. 14; iii. 8).

Remember this, dear reader. Let no man deceive you with vain words. Let none persuade you that "doing" is not an important part of Christianity. It is an old saying, "Handsome is that handsome does." I will mend it. I say, "Christian is that Christian does." Would you be a happy Christian, and enjoy great comfort? would you be useful and a benefit to others? I trust many would like this. Then store up my advice to-day. Be a doing Christian. "Be doers of the word, and not hearers only" (James i. 22).

II. We learn, for another thing, from this woman's history, that *all true Christians can do something*, and that all should do what they can. What do I mean by "doing something?" I mean doing something for God's glory—something for Christ's cause—something for the souls of others—something to spread true religion—something to oppose the march of sin and the devil—something to enlighten the darkness around us—something to improve and amend the world. Something or other, I say, every true Christian can do, and what he can do he ought to do.

Now I know well the devil labours to make true Christians do nothing. Doing Christians are the devil's greatest enemies. Doing Christians pull down his work, and weaken his hands. He will

try hard to prevent you being a man of this character. I warn every one who has reason to hope that he is a true Christian to remember this, and to be on his guard. Listen not to the reasons which Satan puts into your heads. Satan was a liar from the beginning, and you must not let his lies prevent you doing good. Stand on your guard, and be not deceived.

Satan will tell some that they are *too young* to do anything. Believe him not: that is a lie. The greatest men in the world and Church began to work, and were great, at a very early age. Alexander the Great conquered the world before he was thirty. Pitt was prime minister of England before twenty-five. It is never too soon to begin working for Christ. Yet a little while, and the enemy will say, "You are too old, and it is too late."

Satan will tell others that they *stand alone too much* to do any good. Believe him not: that is another lie. There never was a change for good or evil in the world's history which may not be traced up to one man. Martin Luther, Mahomet, Napoleon—all are cases in point. They all rose from the ranks. They stood alone at first. They owed nothing to position or patronage. Yet see what they did! Away with the idea that numbers alone have power! It is minorities, and not majorities, that shake the world. Think of the little flock Christ left behind him. Think of 120 believers in the upper chamber of Jerusalem, and remember what they did to the nations. And then learn what wonderful things a few resolute hearts can do.

Satan will tell others that they have no *power* to do anything. He will say, "You have no gifts, no talents, no influence. You had better sit still." Believe him not: this also is a lie. Everybody has a certain degree of influence and weight on earth. Some have a ton weight, some a hundred-weight, some a pound, some an ounce, some only a grain; but all have some. Everybody is continually helping forward the cause of God or the cause of the devil. Every morning you rise from your bed you go forth to gather with Christ or to scatter. Every night you lie down in that bed you have either been building the walls of Zion or helping to pull them down. There are but two parties and sides in the world—the side of God and the side of the devil—the side of good and the side of evil. No man, woman, or child can ever be neutral, and live to themselves: one of the two sides they are always helping, whether they will or no. Grant that your gifts and powers are but a grain of sand; will you not throw that grain into the scale of God's cause? It is the last grain that turns the scale, and the last pound that breaks the horse's back. Grant that you have only one talent; see to it that your one talent is laid out as heartily for God as if you had a hundred. Ah, reader! it is not gifts that are necessary for doing good, but *will*. It is

often the "one-talent" people that are the most slow to move.

But Satan will tell some that they have *no opportunities* for doing anything—no door open on any side. Once more I say, Believe him not: this also is a great lie. Never believe that you have no opportunity of doing good, till you are cast on a desert island, and cut off from the face of mankind; never till you are the last man in the world, never till then, believe that there is no opening for doing good.

Do you ask me what you can do? I reply, There is something for every true Christian in England to do. The least and lowest, the weakest and feeblest child of God is surrounded by people to whom he may do good. Have you not got relatives and connections, husband or wife, or parents, or children, brothers or sisters? Have you not got friends, or companions, or fellow-servants? Have you not got masters or mistresses, or labourers, or servants? Who in the world, almost, could say, No! to this question? who but must say, Yes! If you say, Yes! then behold your opportunities of doing good. Harm or good you must do to all about you: you cannot help it. See to it that you do *good*.

Have you not got a *tongue* to speak with? Might you not often speak a word of counsel? Might you not encourage the wavering, quicken the slothful, recall the backslider, check the profligate, reprove the worldly, advise the weak? Might you not often put in a word for God and Christ, and show your colours? Who can tell the power of "a word spoken in season?" It has often been the salvation of a soul.

Have you not the power of doing good by *your life*? You may work wonders by steady consistency and patient continuance in well-doing. You may make people think by exercising graces before them, when they stop their ears against good counsel, and cannot be reclaimed by the tongue. Patience and meekness, brotherly kindness and

charity, a forbearing and forgiving spirit, a gentle, unselfish, and considerate temper—all these have often a mighty effect in the long run. Like the constant dropping of water, they can wear away prejudices. Thousands can understand them, who cannot understand doctrine. There is such a thing as "winning without the word" (1 Peter iii. 1).

I speak of things within the reach of all who have the will to do something for God. I might say more. I might speak of the good that might be done everywhere by trying to teach the ignorant. I might speak of help that might be given to charitable and religious societies, merely by making them known. Thousands of pounds might be got for home and abroad, if only men who cannot give themselves would ask others to give.

But I forbear. I have said enough to give food for thinking. Let a man once have the will to do good, and he will soon find the way. He will find that good can be done.

A true Christian should desire to leave the world, when he dies, a better world than it was when he was born, and give his mite to improve it, whether in money, talents, or time. Let every man on earth who hopes he is a true Christian remember this. Let every one wake up, rub his eyes, look round him, and see if he cannot do something. Let no one say I can do nothing, unless he has tried. Let no one say he has tried, and it is no use, because he has not done everything that he wanted. There is much pride and mortified vanity in that thought. Let no one fancy he is doing no good, because he sees no immediate fruit from it. God's time is often not our time. Duties are ours and results are God's. But something let every true man of God try to do.

Set the Lord Jesus Christ before you, reader; and go forward in his footsteps, looking unto him. Let him be your strength, and let him be your example. "He went about doing good." Go and do like him. You may be able to do *very little*: but do *WHAT YOU CAN*.

WHEELS.

I.

ROUND goes the wheel—

In the street!
There's a hurry of innumerable feet!
There's hurry to the rail,
And hurry to the sail,
And hurry to the dying man's retreat!
But the hurried tread is drowned
By the chariot's hastier sound,
As it gathers on the hurry of the heel;
Till the rush of life at length
Is o'er taken by the strength
And the iron perseverance of the wheel!

II.

Round goes the wheel—

At the door!

Flashes fly like chaff from off the floor,
As the grinder, half a-grin and half a-frown,
O'er the persecuted metal crouches down,
And the grindstone's bigot zeal
Meets the martyrdom of steel
In hostility relentless evermore;
The treadle's reckless beat
Keeping foes at fiery heat,
Which must conquer and be conquered on the
wheel!

III.
 Round goes the wheel—
 In the mill!
 Beating 'gainst our bosoms with a thrill,
 In its wrestlings with the trembling of the beam :
 There's a low, remonstrant wrangle,
 As each negro-knotted tangle
 Is submitted to the discipline of steam :
 Dust escaping into day
 Through the window, as it may,—
 For the cotton must be rendered for the reel
 By the ruthless laceration of the wheel !

IV.
 Round goes the wheel—
 In the skies !
 Blind amid that wilderness of eyes ;
 Mechanically swinging 'mongst the spheres
 On the axle of the immemorial years,
 With a long, slow slide
 Through the constellations wide
 That behold—but are silenced with a seal ;
 Humming dreamy hymns
 'Mid the atmosphere that swims
 Round the melancholy murmur of the wheel !

V.
 Round goes the wheel—
 In the brain !
 Turning in its hemispheres in vain,
 For the solving of the secrets they conceal :
 Glimpses of the glorious and the true

VI.
 Encircling in their span
 This poor intellect of man
 With a zodiac of world-bespangled blue—
 The head of him who dreams
 Half-suspecting, from the gleams
 That there's God within the whirlings of the wheel !

VI.
 And, once again, the wheel goes round—
 Of our doom !
 Glimmering and glancing through the gloom,
 On its travel 'twixt the cradle and the tomb.
 Now a plunge profound,
 Underground !
 Now a starward bound,
 Lightning-crowned !
 Now Atropos appears,
 With her thrice-abhorred shears,
 Rabid to divorce us from the rapture of the years.
 At the spindle, sorrow-spanned,
 Each pale sister plies her hand
 Unpeased—but unsuspecting that there runs a
 silken strand,
 Passing upwards out of sight,
 Out of misery and night,
 Into Plato's empyrean, and those firmaments of
 light
 The Auroral coruscations of eternity reveal ;
 There to join the silver thread
 Trembling earthward from our dead
 In a cord that mingles music with the madness of
 the wheel !

DIGBY P. STARKEY.

S H I P W R E C K S.

BY R. M. BALLANTYNE. AUTHOR OF "THE LIFEBOAT," ETC. ETC.

 "STORM and disaster at sea!" How familiar we are with these words; how often we read them in the public prints, and try, mayhap, to picture to ourselves the scenes of sudden death and fearful woe that are described; yet how difficult it is for us, landsmen, to realise fully, or even faintly, the true nature of shipwreck.

We are, indeed, acquainted with the roar of the storm on shore—we have felt it shake our dwellings, and heard it howl in our chimneys, and seen it tear the limbs from our trees; but how little has this experience of ours told us of the free, unshackled hurricane that splits the sail to ribbons, that shrieks in the rigging, and lashes into ungovernable fury the billows of the raging sea !

Let us consider the subject. It will do us good.

If there were no higher ground on which to rest a claim on your attention, our immense annual loss of property by shipwreck would be sufficient. But there is higher ground. Life is lost to the extent of nearly a thousand souls every year—lost in the

most appalling circumstances, and lost, to a large extent, *unnecessarily*. The coast of our kingdom is a huge tomb, which swallows up annually (in round numbers) about two thousand ships, a thousand lives, and two millions sterling ! Not this year only; not last year, but every year that rolls toward eternity, we incur this loss in property and in lives.

Just think what the storm does. Take any "heavy gale" that blows in the spring or winter months. It roars in our streets, whistles and hums through the crevices of our dwellings, scatters our chimney-cans, and bangs our doors. Perchance it is night. We are in bed. The storm keeps us wakeful, and we wish that the rattling of our windows would cease, in order that we may sleep. Sleep ! Is that all we think of ? Too often it is. Oh, reader ! If the veil were lifted, and the scenes enacting on our coasts revealed by supernatural agency ; if eyesight were bestowed that would enable us to pierce the blackness of the night, and distinguish objects through the blinding sleet and

THE LIFEBOAT PUTTING OUT TO THE RESCUE.



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spray, we should find it difficult to sleep; perhaps we should find it *not* difficult to pray.

From Shetland to the Isle of Wight the storm rages. All along the eastern shores the bays and headlands are fringed with churning foam. From every quarter of the German Ocean vessels are running for the great harbours of refuge, which are few and far between. Some are fortunate in gaining their desired haven. They come staggering in under bare poles, or a rag of canvas, and are cheered as they pass the pierheads in safety by men of the Coast-guard and fishermen, who have assembled there with lifeboats and rockets, to render what help they can.

But other ships are less fortunate. Dozens of them, everywhere, strike on the bars or on the piers, or are driven into rock-encumbered bays; and then the work of destruction begins. The breakers lift them as if they were corks, and dash them down with terrific violence. The timbers crash, the masts go by the board, and, clinging to the wrecks in helpless agony of terror, the crews await their doom, which is seldom long delayed, for the forces at work are tremendous. The lifting power of waves, the weight of laden ships, the unyielding strength of rocks, speedily bring matters to a climax; and hundreds of human beings find a watery grave, before that storm is past and gone—and that, too, in spite of the noble efforts of our lifeboat crews.

Even now, while I write, the gale is blowing. Surrounded by strong walls, in the midst of a city, I feel it not; but too well do I know what is, in all probability, occurring on our exposed coasts. This morning's paper is at my elbow: I lift it; and almost the first paragraph that meets my eye is a narrative of wreck and death. It runs thus:—

“About nine o'clock on Tuesday night, at a place known as the ‘Rock Ends,’ a little south of Bournemouth, a ship struck, and speedily went to pieces. There was no possibility of rendering any assistance, as the storm raged with such violence that nothing could be heard, and in consequence of the darkness of the night the crew could not be observed. From papers found, it turns out that the ship was the *Henrietta*, from Drammen, Norway. Several articles of female attire have come ashore, together with the photograph of a lady. The vessel has gone completely to pieces, and all the crew have perished. The officers of the Coast-guard report that the bodies of three of the crew were washed ashore yesterday morning, near the scene of the wreck.”

There was left no living tongue to tell of the horrors that filled the breast of that poor lady, whose photograph came ashore, when the ship struck, and the breakers burst over the doomed craft, and all was black, and wild, and horrible, without one ray of earthly light or hope to mitigate

the pangs of despair. There must have been the agony of hopeless suspense, the last crash of the rending timbers, the wild prayer to Him who is mighty to save, the tossing of the arms above the foam, and the last gurgling cry; but the eyes that saw these fearful things, the ears that heard, and the tongues that might have uttered them, were soon quieted in death; and we, who write and read, cannot realise them; we can only guess and mourn.

I do not write of things about which I have little knowledge. I who pen these lines to you have witnessed some of the appalling horrors resulting from shipwreck, and have shared in the sorrows of the bereaved.

On that dreadful night, in 1859, when the *Royal Charter* went down, there perished, among the 445 whose lives were sacrificed, two stalwart brothers, one of whom had his wife and little daughter with him. These were friends and connections of my own. They *all* perished; and it fell to my lot to go down to the scene of the wreck to identify the bodies. I did not find them there; they were washed ashore many days afterwards: but in my search for them I saw such a sight as will never fade from my memory—a sight that awakened me to the dread realities of shipwreck, and would have awakened you, reader, had you seen it, to the duty of endeavouring, by every means in your power, to prevent, as far as possible, the recurrence of wrecks, and to provide for the saving of life, by supporting the noble Lifeboat Institution of this kingdom.

There was a little church, not far from the place where the wreck of the *Royal Charter* lay. I was told that the dead were there; and thither I went, hastily, but tremblingly, expecting yet fearing to see the faces that I knew so well; for at that time I had still a faint hope that my friends might be among the saved. There were about twenty dead bodies in the little church at the time. They were laid on the stone floor, just as they had been taken from the sea—with maimed limbs, and wet, torn, soiled garments—to await identification.

There was the body of a stout young seaman near the door, whose cheeks seemed flushed as if he were still alive. His eyes were closed, and he might have been asleep, to all appearance, excepting that there was a strange, unnatural and tight pursing of the lips, as if he had tried, at the last, to offer desperate resistance to the entrance of the water. Beyond this body lay the bodies of a woman and a child. They were covered with a cloth, but I knew what lay beneath, from the feet, which were clothed with the thin boots they had worn when death overtook them. In passing from one body to another, I had to step across some—they were so thickly strewn, and the space of the little church was so small. The place was not well lighted, and in some cases, especially where bodies had been put down in the shadow of pews, I had to

bring my face very close to the faces of the dead. In the darkest corner of all I found the body of a man whose head was covered with a cloth. This I removed, and found that his face had been completely torn away! His proportions were small, so that I knew he was not one of those for whom I searched.

I do not remember the details of all that I saw in that terrible place. Grief and anxiety had made me selfish. I thought and cared little for the grief of others, *at the time*, and did not attempt to observe or to note what I saw. The only points that remain strong and prominent in memory now—besides the general fact that I was surrounded by dead and mangled bodies of men, women, and children—are, the faceless head, the seaman with the flushed countenance, and the woman and child.

That good Christian man, the Rev. Mr. Hughes, whose name is well known in connection with this wreck, was standing in a window, notebook in hand, talking in low tones with one who had come to search for his dead. From him I received all the information I required—it was sufficient to crush out hope—and then I went my way.

Those who perish annually number from 600 to 1,000. Can nothing be done to lessen this sacrifice of life? Yes, much *can* be done, much *is* done. Lifeboats and rockets are constantly at work, and they are the means of saving many hundreds of lives annually; but there are not enough of lifeboats, or rockets, and those that do exist cannot counterbalance the apathy of man, although they can battle successfully against the tempest in its utmost fury.

There is a chart of our islands, published every year by the Board of Trade, which presents a very singular appearance. In this chart the whole coast is studded with black spots, so thickly as to be almost uncountable. Their number fluctuates, year by year, between 1,000 and 2,000, generally nearer the latter than the former sum. On the east coast, about Yorkshire and Norfolk, they cluster very thickly; but it is at the mouths of our great rivers, and near our principal seaports, that they are so numerous, that there is barely room on the chart to plant them! Each black spot represents a wreck, more or less disastrous; and it is not, perhaps, too much to say that two-thirds of these spots bear testimony against the nation. It was not the storm that caused these wrecks; it was not accident; it was not the unavoidable decree of the Almighty: it was the carelessness, the avarice, the apathy, and the selfishness of man. Do not suppose that this is a mere general slap at the community, which cannot be proved. Direct proof would require more space than can be here given to the subject, but a few lines will suffice to convey the opinion of high authority. The late Admiral Fitzroy, before select committees of the House of Commons, repeatedly gave it as his opinion, that a

large number of wrecks were clearly traceable to carelessness; and statistics show that only a small proportion of the wrecks which do occur are the result of simple stress of weather.

Our unseaworthy craft, our ill-found vessels, our insufficient ground-tackle, our half-educated, untrustworthy skippers, our want of a sufficient number of boats on board of passenger ships, our want of cork lifebelts (although these may now be had at a mere nominal price from the Lifeboat Institution), our want of the appliances for saving life generally, and, above all, our want of Government inspection in regard to the fitness of ships, small and great, to proceed to sea—these are the elements that tend to multiply wrecks upon our shores, and to bring discredit on our name. Philanthropy is strong amongst us, but misanthropy seems to be stronger; and therefore it is that those who wish to do good to their fellows should bestir themselves, in order to conquer the apathetic foe!

Meanwhile, the Royal National Lifeboat Institution (which depends almost entirely on voluntary contributions) does much—more a great deal than many people are aware of—to diminish this loss of property, as well as to reduce the loss of human life.

It would be unjust, while dwelling on the dark side of the subject of shipwrecks, were I to omit reference to the bright side—to the good which God mercifully brings out of evil—to the deeds of heroism which are done by men of the coast. Many volumes could not contain the record of them all. The number of gold and silver medals bestowed by the Lifeboat Institution, by the Shipwrecked Mariners Society, and by the sovereigns of foreign lands, bear testimony to the fact that they are numerous. Let one instance suffice for illustration. I select this case with all the more satisfaction that the hero did a pre-eminently noble deed, and was a native of *another* coast.

When the wreck of the *Royal Charter*, already referred to, occurred, there was a Maltese seaman on board, named Joseph Rodgers. This man volunteered to swim ashore with a rope. Those who have seen the effect of a raging sea, even on a smooth sandy beach, know that the force of the falling waves is so terrible that the most powerful swimmers become utterly helpless in them. But the coast to which Rodgers volunteered to swim was an almost perpendicular cliff, against which the waves beat with indescribable fury. The night was pitch dark; broken spars and pieces of wreck were tossed about in all directions, and the water was cold enough to chill the life-blood in the stoutest frame. No one knew better than Rodgers the extreme danger of the attempt—yet he plunged into that boiling flood with a rope round his waist. Had his motive been selfish, he could have gained the shore more easily without a rope; but his motive was generous. He reached the shore, and,

in consequence, thirty-nine lives were saved. Doubtless *all* would have been saved had not the ship unexpectedly and suddenly broken up.

God bless that Maltese seaman! He did what he could. Had it not been otherwise decreed, there would undoubtedly have been hundreds of beating hearts and living tongues this day to bless that man for the noble and disinterested effort that he made to save his shipmates from death.

Reader, I have not tried to stir up your feelings without a practical object in view. The appeal

which THE QUIVER now makes to its readers to subscribe—any sums, small or great—in order to present a lifeboat to this institution, to be named "The Quiver Lifeboat," is worthy of the deepest sympathy of young and old, rich and poor alike. My aim is to stimulate to active united effort in the channel which is thus opened up. Details of the scheme will be found in the accompanying leaflet.

* * * In every copy of this number of THE QUIVER will be found a collecting paper for "The Quiver Lifeboat." Should any reader fail to find the paper, we shall be happy to forward one upon receipt of his address and a stamp.

DEPARTMENT FOR THE YOUNG.

JEANNETTE'S SELF-DENIAL.

JHE Germans tell a story about a little girl named Jeannette, who once went out to see a grand review. She found a capital place from which to see the soldiers pass, and was looking to see them march, when she noticed a poor old woman in the crowd behind her trying very hard to get where she could see the soldiers. Jeannette pitied her, and said to herself—

"I should like to see the soldiers march, but it isn't kind in me to stay in this nice seat and let that old woman stay where she can't see anything. I ought to honour old age, and I will."

So Jeannette called the old woman, and placing her in the nice seat, fell back among the crowd. There she had to tiptoe, and peep, and dodge about to catch a glimpse of the splendid scene which she might have seen fully and easily if she had kept her place. Some of the people said she was a silly girl, and laughed at her. Was she sorry for giving it up? No. She was glad, because she knew she had given pleasure to a poor old woman. Thus Jeannette was rewarded in her heart for her kindness to old age.

A few minutes later a man covered with lace elbowed his way through the crowd, and said to her—"Little girl, will you come to her ladyship?"

Now Jeannette could not imagine who her ladyship was, but she followed the man to a scaffold within the crowd. A lady met her at the top of the stairs, and said—

"My dear child, I saw you yield your seat to the old woman. You acted nobly. Now, sit down here by me. You can see everything here."

Thus Jeannette was rewarded a second time for honouring old age by denying herself. You are glad, are you not? You admire her conduct, don't you? If you do not, I think you need to take a lesson not only from Jeannette, but also from the pure and blessed Jesus. He denied himself enough to quit

his heavenly throne and come to earth to die for you. Surely you ought for his sake to deny yourself little pleasures when by doing so you can add to the enjoyment of the poor, the feeble, the sick, or the aged. If you will, your heart will grow glad under the smile of Jesus; and if no rich lady or gentleman reward you here, yet, in the great fatherland above, Jesus will say to you—

"I saw you give up your own pleasure to make another happy. I was pleased with you. Sit down on my throne."

SCRIPTURAL ACROSTIC.—No. 1.

A DISTINGUISHED KING OF TYRE.

1. An encampment in the wilderness.
2. A son of Saul.
3. A seaport where St. Paul landed.
4. One sent by a king to consult a prophetess.
5. An aged Jew, at whose house St. Paul lodged.

THE CROSSING-SWEEPERS.

A RHYME FOR YOUNG READERS.

NOVEMBER'S fog, and damp, and sleet,
And ceaseless tread of myriad feet,
Have choked with mud the city street;

So Mike and Bet get each a broom,
And sally forth, through rain and gloom,
To where two cross-roads dimly loom :

And sweeping left, and sweeping right,
They work away with all their might,
From gas at morn till gas at night.

How dry and clean the paths are kept,
They are so well and often swept;
At sweeping Mike's a young adept.

Mike's at one end, Bet at the other :
As people pass, to one bows brother,
While sister curtsies to another.

But though they now are getting money,
And Bet is gay, and Mike is funny,
Their life is far from sweet and sunny.

Their home is in a narrow court,
Where drunkards, rogues, and thieves resort,
Where idlers quarrel, fight, and sport.

And in the meanest hole of all
Their father swells the idlers' brawl,
And takes for drink their earnings small.

If these poor things are light and gay,
We, who have brighter lives than they,
Should be more thankful day by day. ¶

THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR, AUTHOR OF "THE WOMEN OF SCRIPTURE," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GERTRUDE'S REQUEST.

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will." SHAKESPEARE.

GERTRUDE'S innocent questionings of "Did you feel cold, aunt? Had the walk inconvenienced you?" as they proceeded homewards, were so embarrassing, that Miss Austwick answered, peevishly—

"Is it, Gertrude, because I never faint, or have any of the ailments of modern fine ladies, that you expect me to account for this sudden attack?"

"No, dear aunt; but—"

"But—it's over, child. Dwelling on ailments, and talking about hydropathy, and homeopathy, and what not, may be very scientific, but it's not my way. I was trained before ladies were divided into an army of nurses, quack doctors, and invalids."

Gertrude was certain of one thing, that her aunt's temper was ailing, and therefore was not sorry, on reaching home, that she signified her wish to be alone.

Once in her chamber, her walking-dress changed, and Martin dismissed, Miss Austwick began to revolve the incident of the morning. She recollects that she had never heard the surname of these young people, that it was only the mention of their being twins that had startled her. No, it was not only that. Something in their looks had made assurance doubly sure. She had not, indeed, so particularly observed the girl beyond noticing the general height, complexion, contour; but the boy's face had brought back the playfellow of her own childhood; the very same look that passion, always easily roused used to send to her brother Wilfred's dark eyes, she had seen shoot out in tawny light from the depths of the boy's. How often, in their childish rillery, had she and her other brothers called Wilfred "Copper-eye." Yes, yes, there was no mistake; nature had both by this peculiarity, as well as the twinship of two opposite sexes, revealed the identity of these as her brother's children—his legal children.

What was she now to do? Strange to say, the first undurable terror was lest Mrs. Basil Austwick should know of it. It never occurred to her that there was but one life between the boy she had seen that morning, and the heirship of Austwick Chace. At present there was next to nothing for these children, so that to keep them in poverty was no fraud. To keep them from their father's name certainly was. Yet, as fraud is a very ugly

word, Miss Austwick never breathed it to herself. Brought up in obscurity, yet, assuredly, not without education, she argued that they already had received some advantages. They might for the future be helped forward in accordance with the views in which they had been reared. Where was the harm of that? Oh, specious subtlety of the deceitful human heart, weaving its webs that one touch of the finger of truth would annihilate! How was it this proud woman, ever boasting of her name, and thinking herself an embodiment of all that had dignified her ancestry, could descend to such wiles—could, from fear of man, defy God? Simply because extremes meet, and human pride often rests on, or blends with, human meanness. Oh, for a ray of holy light to penetrate the dark and tortuous recesses of the soul, and show the majesty and loveliness of truth! Reader, that light only comes by prayer. From all the thoughts in that troubled spirit, prayer was absent. Relying on herself, she resolved to grope her way among the pitfalls of expediency and shallow human policy.

That evening, excusing herself from the dinner-table on the plea of headache, as she sat in her room, a letter was brought to her. It contained but a few words:—

Miss Austwick's agent has succeeded in his search. Before he takes any further steps, he waits Miss Austwick's commands.

Direct A. B., Post Office, Sloane Street, Chelsea.

"Miss Austwick's agent!" It grated at first on her nerves to read the phrase, and she threw down the letter as she would cast off a loathsome insect. But in a few moments it was picked up and re-perused. And then she looked at her banker's book. It had never before given her so much comfort. Not that she had a very good balance to contemplate, though her simple, secluded life had brought her expenses within her income; but what she saw there promised her a pecuniary solution of her difficulties, and some sort of compromise with her feelings. "I'll provide for them," silenced the inward voice that said—"Why not acknowledge and do justice by them?"

It occurred to her that another interview with this man Burke would be both less dangerous and more conclusive than writing her instructions to him. She would appoint him to come to some place that would be both private and frequented. She was of an age and station to justify her speaking, if she chose, at some length, to an inferior, without being the subject of remark. She would therefore meet this man in Ken-

sington Gardens. Nine o'clock of a winter morning was earlier than any one she was likely to know walked there. The gardens were then in the possession of children and their attendants. A line was therefore soon penned, to the effect—

The person who applied to Miss Austwick was informed that she walks in Kensington Gardens, by the gate nearest Rotten Row, every morning from nine to ten.

She could not bring herself to particularise farther. She argued that this man—whose assumption of intimacy with her late brother she rightly considered to be mere insolent boasting, based on money transactions—would be eager to have his claims satisfied, and perhaps to make some profit, as she shrewdly concluded he had done. At all events, she would hear what he had to communicate, and act accordingly. She did not trust this note to any one to post for her, but, on the following morning, rising early, and taking, as was her wont, her breakfast in her own room, she went out at nine o'clock, silencing Martin's remonstrances with the remark—

"I was attacked in a way so unusual yesterday, that I shall resume, as far as possible, in this smoky London, my early habit of getting a walk, before the family are up."

In pursuance of this plan, she both found means to deposit her letter in a local post-office that she had before observed, and to take a preliminary walk that familiarised her with the route along the south side of the park to the gardens.

On her return, the first member of the family that she encountered was Gertrude, whose morning greetings were supplemented with—

"Oh, aunt, and you did not take me! I should so enjoy being your companion in your morning walks."

Miss Austwick looked as she felt—annoyed; and something of greater coldness than usual was infused into her manner as she replied—

"No, Gertrude; I prefer my walk alone."

Her niece, surprised, looked up—a pleading tenderness in her sweet frank eyes, that Miss Austwick, even, could not resist.

"Oh, aunt, are you angry with me? What have I done?"

"Nothing—nothing, little True; but I'm used to my own ways. We'll walk and talk quite enough at other times."

Hardly satisfied, the little tender heart yearned for some greater response of love; but she walked meekly away, leaving her aunt to her solitude.

Whether during the day Miss Austwick wished to make the amende by doing something that would gratify her niece, or that her approbation of Miss Hope was very genuine, certain it was she took an opportunity of an interview with her brother, as they waited in the drawing-room before dinner, of so highly praising her, that Mr. Basil said—

"Would it not be well to ascertain whether she is sufficiently advanced in the branches her father teaches to assist Gertrude in her studies, particularly as, at present, you say, Mr. Hope cannot come? I have my doubts about girls applying very regularly when they are left to

themselves. Better some fixed plan—a morning governess, or literary companion, or something of that kind."

"You are right: it gives an interest, brother; and a young girl may be too much alone, particularly when her mamma has a large circle of friends."

Miss Austwick emphasised the latter part of the sentence; and Mr. Basil, having a shrewd guess at the state of feeling between his wife and sister, wisely resolved on no account to quote the opinion of the latter, much as he was impressed by it himself. He took another and far more successful course. As soon as Mrs. Basil Austwick joined them, he began murmuring his fears that True was wasting her time; that it would be a lost winter to her; and when his wife spoke of masters, he inquired—

"Who is to stay with her when she is receiving her lessons? Do you, my dear, mean to give up your mornings to Gertrude? That would certainly be the most suitable."

"How can I, Mr. Austwick? I'm astonished you hint it, when you know how you devote on me all the duty of seeing people, and keeping up our circle, which I only do on your account. It's a daily annoyance—I might say, martyrdom—to me. Poor Gertrude will have studies as short as her stature, if she depends on me, with all I have to do."

Miss Austwick took no part in the discussion; and as any suggestion that she, in the utility character of maiden aunt, should give her time to her niece, could not be hazarded, and most certainly would not have been complied with, Mr. Austwick's mention of what Gertrude—not his sister—had told him, about the gentle-mannered, intelligent Marian Hope, was graciously received.

"I have heard of her," said the mamma. "I wonder, when the father's illness was mentioned, that I did not think of her. She has been occasionally a teacher at Miss Webb's—but for some home affairs, I believe, would have been there entirely; for when I first recommended Miss Morris to the Webbs, I found they would if they could, far rather have had the writing-master's daughter."

"If she could not go to them, then, how can she come to us?" said Mr. Basil Austwick, blankly.

"We could have her merely in the morning. They wanted her entirely."

So it was arranged, to True's great satisfaction, that she should write and ask Miss Hope whether she would give a few hours every morning to assisting her in her studies.

As little True, full of delight, wrote the proposal, something of her eagerness seemed to cling to the ordinary words she was instructed to use. Indeed, she ventured to add a postscript of three words, "Do say 'Yes.'"

And thus, while Miss Austwick was restlessly pacing her room, thinking of the interview of the coming morning, Gertrude was writing the note, which at the very same hour of that next day, would be in Marian's hands, and prove the means of drawing closer the links of intimacy between the household in Wilton Place and the cottage in Cromwell Lane, Kensington.

CHAPTER XIX.

COMMITTED.

"To how foul a blot, on the fair page of a long life, will a little drop of dirty ink spread itself!"

RICHARDSON.

If in her dreams, three months back, Miss Austwicke had pictured herself walking slowly down an avenue of Kensington Gardens to keep an appointment with a man of Burke's rank in life, or any man of any rank, she would have certainly concluded so humiliating a fantasy was the result of a severe attack of indigestion. Yet now she was actually walking slowly in the yellow mist of a gloomy morning, and fretting at the weather, which she feared prevented her being seen. No eyes are keener than those that avarice sharpens; and it was a real luxury to "Old Leathery" to dodge behind the trees and shrubs to watch her as she walked. He could not bring himself to shorten his enjoyment by crossing her path and presenting himself until the very last moment. Indeed, once he resolved to let her return home disappointed of her errand. To make her come the next morning would have been so good a test of his power over this proud and proper lady, that he was tempted to try it. But the fear that something might arise to release her from the coils he was slowly, but, with her own assistance, surely, winding round her, warned him not to trifl. She proved herself, by coming, sufficiently in earnest to conceal an important family secret, even by conniving at injustice; but women, he argued, were weak: her mind might change, and she had not as yet fully committed herself; so when the hour's desolate walk had come to a close, and Miss Austwicke, angry with herself and all the world, was about leaving by a side path that wound round a bank of shrubs, a man came bending his grizzled head, and puckering up his eyes and mouth, mopping and mowing like a gibbering fiend—

"I ask yer pardon, madam; I've been long waiting, but the fog's thickening, I fear."

Now that he was perceptibly near, Miss Austwicke felt glad the fog was thickening. Not another creature was in the walk as the yellow mist blackened; the only sound in the torpid air was the rustle of some last lingering leaf as it fell, or the monotonous drip, like slowly-gathered tears, that pattered among the evergreens.

"Never mind apologies," said Miss Austwicke, haughtily. "What have you to tell me?"

"At no small trouble and expense I've found Captain Austwicke's—"

"Found the children," interposed Miss Austwicke; "you have found them at the house of a Mr. Hope, in Kensington." She paused a moment for his answer; then, convinced she was right as to the identity, she continued—"I found them without any trouble."

"I'm aware that you have visited them, but you have not discovered yourself to them. Am I to go to Mr. Hope and tell him?"

Miss Austwicke did not answer, and he continued—

"It will be a sore scandal if *all* comes out. I know there's been some trickery—sharp practice—rather, about the money that has been paid for their maintenance. Seventy good pounds a year has that Johnston, of Canada, had."

"Mr. Hope, I feel sure, has never had half that sum. There has been trickery and peculation," said Miss Austwicke, indignantly.

"On, madam, I feel sure that not half has been paid. I've been so deceived that, as an honest man, I feel inclined to wash my hands of the affair; but respect for my friend, the captain's memory, makes me willing—"

"To help me in providing for the children!" interposed Miss Austwicke, impatiently.

"Yes, madam—yes. Consideration for my friend and the poor orphans—defrauded, poor things!"

"I think they have been very well brought up hitherto. I don't see that children of—such a mother—what I wish to say is—I am willing to continue the sum that has hitherto been paid for them, but I should like them removed."

"Certainly they are too near, madam. You would not choose to come in contact with them? Money for their support, much or little, has hitherto been sent from Canada; of course, I could make it a matter of business, and should say nothing of my friendship for their—"

"You would, of course, restrict yourself to a business arrangement, conducted by letter, I should think, with Mr. Hope?"

"I would do my best, madam, as humbly in duty bound, to protect you from any annoyance."

His low bow and leering eyes were at this juncture so offensive that Miss Austwicke said, hastily—

"Of course, sir, I should remunerate you for all trouble. It is a business transaction, sir"—"purely," she would have added, but the word died on her lips. She had sufficient perception of character to believe that this man was to be bound to fidelity by his interests, but she did not know how rapacious he might be, or by any means fully realise what was involved in this co-partnership of concealment. One question lingered in her mind, and after a few moments' silence she uttered it—

"Do you know what became of Isabel Grant?"

"Died years ago, madam."

"You are sure of that?" said Miss Austwicke, with a sigh of relief.

"She never held up her head after she heard the captain was a married man—never. She was demented and, well—"

"Yes, yes; that's all I wanted to know. When can I hear the result of your arrangement with Mr. Hope?"

"I'll lose no time, madam; but money will be wanted to pay arrears, and there's my own claims, though I say nothing of them. I only regret that I am poor—poor. It's not the honest men, madam, that—"

"I have not brought money with me, but I will send you; tell me what is needful."

"Twenty or thirty pounds—arrears, madam, arrears."

"It shall be sent in half-notes. Send a newspaper, to let me know the first halves have come to hand, and the others shall follow. I would rather you wrote as seldom as possible."

"Assuredly, madam; and permit me to say that I feel

for you. It was very unlike my friend, the captain, to go through a ceremony of marriage, which I witnessed, madam, with that lassie Isabel."

"I have no doubt my brother fell into bad hands. Good morning," said Miss Austwicke, walking hastily away. Meanwhile, her companion was not so easily disengaged; making long, stealthy strides, he kept up with her, saying—

"There's the marriage lines to prove it, ma'am."

"I've nothing to do with that," haughtily replied Miss Austwicke.

"Yes, but you're aware that when the youth comes of age, he might require to see the certificate of his father's former marriage—that marriage which invalidated Isabel's claim."

Miss Austwicke turned round in alarm.

"He must never know. Our name, my name, is that of a stranger to him. It must continue so, or I do nothing—absolutely nothing—for these children. Captain Austwicke left no property. If they were legally his children they would be beggars. They have nothing to gain, but much to lose, in attempting to make any claim. My brother, Mr. Basil Austwicke, is a lawyer: they would have no chance."

"Only what truth and right would give them, madam; that is, I'm supposing, of course, that they were—what you say you consider them."

"I'm supposing nothing but this: under the name they bear, and the station they have been reared in, they have hitherto done very well, as they may in the future. Under that name I privately help them, and pay you for your assistance—not otherwise."

"I understand, madam. Rely on me. I'm true as steel." And as sharp as a two-edged weapon, he might have added.

Miss Austwicke, having reached the gate, made a stiff inclination of her head in dismissal; and he paused, watching her as she walked into the deepening mist; then, as if throwing off a constraint that had been difficult, he snapped his fingers and said—

"My proud madam! you think yourself a match for me. I'll both bring down your spirit and empty your hoards before I've done with you."

CHAPTER XX.

COLLISION.

"Is it a serpent coils about my path?"

On the evening that followed the interview we have recorded, a youth was plashing through the mud of London, westward. His face though grave and stern for one so young, was not exactly melancholy. The thin jaw and broad chin, even more than the firm mouth, gave a wonderful look of resolution to the countenance, which harmonised with his quick decided walk, and the erect carriage of his head.

As he drew near a narrow turning at right angles to the high road, a head peered out from under the shelter of an umbrella, and a voice said—

"Ye did not come, my young freend, though I telled ye I'd something to say to you; and maybe could help you to a situation, as ye telled me ye were in want of one."

"I want to have nothing to do with you," replied the lad, abruptly, without stopping.

"If that's the way ye mean to treat your freends, it's not many ye'll find, I'm thinking."

"Perhaps not. Some people I should rather like for foes."

"Ye're an uncommon civil, nice-spoken youth, ye are, for certain."

He contrived, while speaking, to keep up with the lad, who did not, for a few moments, appear to bestow on him any further notice.

At length, irritated at the perseverance of the man, the youth turned suddenly upon him, and said—

"I don't like the look of you. You've been dodging me about these three days. If I'm young, I'm not a fool; and a man who meant well, need not be lying in wait, and then come crawling round corners. I tell you once for all, I don't like you, and I want none of your help!"

"Maybe, young sir, I've a right to be on the look out after you; maybe I know more about you than you think for; maybe I only wanted to see, as I have a perfect right, how I liked you."

"Right! what do you mean?"

"Just what I say—a perfect right."

"Then come openly and honestly, and explain yourself," cried the lad, raising his voice impetuously.

"I mean to do so. I am now going to Mr. Hope's, to converse with him about the future prospects of you and yer sister."

For a moment the boy stood still with surprise at hearing Mr. Hope's name mentioned. He took off his cap, as if to cool his flushed and angry brow, regardless of the small, thick-falling, blinding rain.

"You! going to Mr. Hope?"

"Yes; that's plain English, isn't it?"

"Why didn't you say so before?"

"That's my business. Maybe I tested your politeness."

There was a sneer both in the words and the manner they were uttered.

It was pretty evident that one of those mental antipathies which some opposite natures immediately conceive against each other, was at work with both, and that the younger was at no trouble to conceal it.

This incongruous pair in due time arrived at the door of the cottage, and the lad, pulling twice, gave a well-known ring at the bell, which was instantly answered by Mysie, who began to say, "How late you are, Norry! Mr. Hope is quite uneas—" "

She stopped on seeing the face of the man, who could hardly be called the companion of her brother. The latter said—

"Give me the light, and go in, Mysie. This—person says he wants to see Mr. Hope."

"My father can see no one," said a gentle voice, and Marian came into the passage; "certainly no stranger."

"Unless he's very ill indeed he *must* see me; I sent a letter to that effect," was the reply, as the speaker entered the passage, uncovering his head at the same time, and blinking through the puckered pads of skin that surrounded his keen eyes.

(To be continued.)